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Arrangements have been made to publish *The Hongkong Telegraph* daily at 4 P.M. Subscribers in the central districts who do not receive their copies before FIVE O'CLOCK will oblige by at once communicating with the Manager.

The Hongkong Telegraph

HONGKONG, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1882.

An especially interesting sort of essay or book is, as an American contemporary truly enough remarks, that which "tells us how to use our own language. We all profess to command it; many of us have the quiet self-assurance that we are authorities on the subject; and many others of us, if not willing to be authorities, have at hand references to "standard" authors whose usage, we contend, makes certain things correct. And so, outside of the time-worn "should we say 'reliable'" and "should we say 'ought to,'" or "ought to go" and so on, there are many words, phrases, and forms of expression that it well pays us to examine, whether the result is to confirm or weaken our own positions. A recent volume, "Errors in the use of English," by the late WILLIAM B. HOBSON, goes over a great deal of this ground, in a suggestive way, enlivening the didactic process by a shocking array of examples of error, many of them from high authorities in the literature of the language.

Taking first the subject of the misuse of words, as regards their meaning, a long list of instances is given, from which we select a few. "Demean" properly signifies to conduct or behave, and its use for "behave," to behave, is erroneous, notwithstanding that BENJAMIN FRANKLIN says:

I thought he demeaned me too much in some service he required of me.

It is manifest that "description" for "kind" or "sort" is, to say the least, careless and cannot be justified, yet it is found in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Even Dr. HOLMES falls into the wrong use of "either" when he says:

There have been three famous talkers in Great Britain, either of whom would illustrate what I say about dogmatists.

The word properly applies to only one of two. Then there are excellent writers who fall into such mistakes as this, which is from JEAN INGELW.

So far the shallow flood had flown Beyond the accustomed leap of landing.

"Overflow" is also often used. The proper form, of course, is "flowed and overflowed." "Flow" comes from "fly" not from "flow." The word "future" is often misused for subsequent, SAMUEL SMILES writes "in a future letter Mr. ADLER says," etc., meaning "in a subsequent letter." Lord Houghton, the Academy, Mrs. GASKELL, and others are quoted in the same blunder. Lord Houghton, too, wrote of:

Those sterling qualities of generosity and discretion which underlaid their more prominent attractions.

And meant, of course, "underlay." There is very frequent confusion of "common" and "mutual," the most familiar illustration of which is in Dickens' title, "Our Mutual Friend." It should be "Our Common Friend." Two people can be "mutual" friends; it is involved in the word; but a third who is the friend of both, is their common friend. JUSTIN MCCARTHY says, "No stranger and stronger a figure than his is described," etc., and commits a common error in uselessly inserting the word "a."

There are a great many entertaining struggles with foreign words in the effort to be very accurate, as regards the terminations for their plural forms, and probably "Ouida" furnishes one of the most brilliant successes in her:

The hands of the Scipii were nailed to the rostrum.

In the following two examples we get both sides of a very aggravating and far from uncommon form of blundering:

The letters published after C. Lamb's death and that of his sister, by Mr. Tailford, make up a volume of more interest to me than any book of human composition.—Memoir of C. R. Leslie. The climate of Paris is perhaps the most genial and the best suited to invalids of any other spot in France.—Hon. E. G. Murray.

In the first case "other" must be inserted after any, or else the Lamb letters are not human; and in the second case for "any other spot" we must say "of all spots." MATTHEW ARNOLD loses the run of his pronouns when he says:

And the reason seems to be given by some words of our Bible, which, though they may not be the exact rendering of the original in that place, yet in themselves they explain the connection of culture with conduct very well.

There is something superfluous there. HALLAM in his "Literature of Europe" says: "No one as yet had exhibited the structure of the human kidneys. Vesalius having only examined them in dogs," which isn't exactly what he meant, and the London *Echo's* report of a speech gives a still worse case of ambiguity. It is:

Her own story was that she had quarrelled with the deceased, first about her wages, and secondly about the soup, and that she seized the deceased by the throat, and she fell, and when she got up she was looking for something to strike her with and upon this she struck the deceased a blow on the throat, and she fell and died almost instantaneously.

The proper arrangement of the tenses of the verb is a burden to some writers. SHELLEY writes:—"It had been my intention to have collected the remnants of KEATS' compositions," meaning "to collect" etc.; and JUSTIN MCCARTHY says, "It would doubtless have exhibited itself quietly enough if it were absolutely undiluted," meaning, "if it had been;" JOHN RUSKIN says:—"I intended to have insisted;" and there are many others in the same company. MACAULAY wrote:—"I had hoped never to have seen the statues again," and SYDNEY SMITH said, "I should like very much to have seen him," which is possible, though he probably meant he would have liked to see him.

SHELLEY says:—"No introduction has or ever will authorize that which common thinkers would call a liberty;" and LAMBOR wrote "I am anxious for the time when he will talk as much nonsense to me as I have to him." The word "between" is frequently the cause of such unmeaning sentences as this by Mrs. GASKELL:—

Where between every stick she could look up and see what was going on in the street.

A frequent expression in calling meetings to order is: "The time has arrived at which this meeting was called." But really the time at which it was called was when the call was issued, and "for which" is what the speaker should say. Often the preposition gets lost altogether, as in a letter in Miss MARTINEAU's memoirs which says "she is a wonder and a monument of what a human being in firm or infirm health is capable." There is an "of" missing at the end of the sentence. SYDNEY SMITH said: "Those who walk in their sleep have seldom or ever the most distant recollection," etc.; and ARTHUR HELPS said: "Statesmen nowadays are seldom or ever disposed," etc., while both mean, and all who use the phrase mean, "seldom if ever."

"Than" and "help" or "avoid" make a great deal of confusion. Miss MULOKE wrote of "a lady who gives no more trouble than she can avoid," which would be just what she meant if she said "cannot avoid." To give trouble that one can avoid giving is at least unkind. There is, too, a great deal of misuse of "whom" for "who." DISRAELI says "the very two individuals whom he thought were far away," and Mrs. STOWE says: "NINA was annoyed by the presence of Mr. JAYN, whom her brother insisted should remain to dinner."

"Whom were" and "whom should" do not sound so well when taken by themselves, and the blunder, though a common one, is offensive. These and the many other citations of the volume, while they show that ours is not so easy a language to use correctly, as we are apt to think it is, will not be serving their sole purpose if they merely teach charity. They should teach grammar, also.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

YESTERDAY, says the San Francisco *Alta* of August 25th, was a kind of All- Souls-day with the Chinese. It was a day of peace offerings to evil spirits, who, according to Chinese theories, would, if not propitiated, annoy the souls of the Chinese dead. For several days past the Chinese in this city were busy preparing food and light raiment for the devils, and wagon loads were sent yesterday to the Chinese Cemetery with pagan priests, the relatives and friends of the departed following on hacks and other conveyances. The religious services consisted principally in placing roast pig, cake and other edibles on the tomb, and finally gathering them up and taking them back to Chinatown for the subsistence of mortals.

THE *Graphic* remarks that the laws of Sunday observance are somewhat curious across the Atlantic. One statute in New York State prohibits all persons from traveling on Sunday, except in cases of charity or necessity, and on certain specified errands, so the city of Cohoes cited this law as its defence in an action brought against the town by a woman who had been injured by some obstacle left by the authorities in the streets. The defence did not avail here, but in Massachusetts the Supreme Court decided in a similar case that a city is not liable for injuries caused by a defective highway to any person travelling in violation of the Sunday law. In the latter case the plaintiff was returning from a funeral, and so far was within the provisions of the law, but he was adjudged guilty of illegal travel because he took a roundabout way home instead of the direct road from the cemetery.

ACCORDING to the *Telegraph* another romantic tradition has been refuted, another thrilling illusion dispelled, by Dr. Otto Kuntze's discovery that the lethal capacities of Pekamaran, the renowned Javanese Death-Valley, are as utterly fabulous as the Norwegian Kraaken or Richard of Gloucester's hump. It is no longer permitted to us to believe that the effects of the subtle poison given off by the "Deadly Upas Tree" have bestowed that dismal vale with countless carcasses of savage beasts, serpents, and birds, or that a certain death awaits any foolhardy traveller attempting to cross it; for the eminent German explorer has paid Pekamaran an exhaustive visit, and reports it to be as healthy as any other part of the island. In the way of corpses, he did not see so much as a dead fly within its precincts. He describes it as a small circular depression in a gorge of the Dieng-Mountains, about seven square metres in size, and forlorn of vegetation. It is approached by two footpaths, winding downwards from the hills by which it is surrounded. By one of these paths Dr. Kuntze entered the Death-Valley, despite the entreaties of his guides and servants, one of whom repeatedly strove to hold him back by force, and, having traversed Pekamaran in every direction, quitted it by the other path. The natives had assured him that he would find the valley choked up by skeletons, as even the swiftest birds flying above it would drop down stone-dead, slain by its poisonous exhalations. In vain, however, did he look about for a single bone; nor could he detect the least unpleasant odour. Dr. Kuntze pronounces Pekamaran to be an imposture, the offspring of ignorance and superstition. Unable to dispute his sentence, we are bound, not altogether without regret, to relegate the death-dealing vale to the limbo of exploded myths.

THE famous action in Chancery, Jarndyce v. Jarndyce, immortalized by Dickens, is familiar to all readers of that author. It served, like many another of his works, to the partial correction at least of a gross abuse that had grown gray in English custom. An estate once in the Court of long delays had little chance of getting out within the life of an interested party, nor within that of his descendants through several generations, for that matter. It was a practice disgraceful to the liberal country that so long unaccountably tolerated it in its habitual dilatoriness. This notoriously unjust lingering—sleeping, so to speak—over important cases, is in many places a thing of an unregretted past. A case has just been brought to a termination in Germany that is a forcible reminder of it, and that illustrates that country's extreme care in the disposition of a certain class of causes. One hundred and one years ago, in 1781, Commercial Councillor Scharf, a gentleman of great wealth and numerous relations, became a bankrupt, and shortly afterwards died. His estate passed into the hands of "The Royal-Great-Britannic-Electoral-Brunswickian-Lüneburgish Chancery of Justice," Hanover, which published an official announcement to the effect that his estate would undergo liquidation in due course. The course is a long run, after the expiration of a century, and now the liquidation in question is about to be wound up by the Second District Court at Goettingen, which publishes the satisfactory announcement "to the German public" by advertisement in the local papers, that the heirs of the Councillor's creditors—not the Councillor's own heirs—will do well to prefer their claims to the estate, inasmuch as the assets thereof amount to some sixteen thousand marks. The sum the Court holds subject to the demand of the estate's creditors, with the declaration that if it is not claimed by their lawful representatives before a given date, it will lapse to the Prussian Exchequer, which has succeeded to the rights and prerogatives formerly enjoyed by the King of Hanover. The number of the original creditors is not mentioned in the report of the case, but the number of their heirs after the lapse of so many generations must be considerable, while the amount to be divided among them is comparatively trivial. Indeed, it is somewhat strange that there is anything at all left to be divided. The Court must have taken reasonably good care of its charge. While interest has been constantly accruing, expenses to some extent must have been as continually running on. It is a case remarkable in its leading aspects, and one that has attracted attention both in Germany and England.

LAT ON, Tso Wo, Ho Po, and Li Ting, fishermen, were charged at the instance of Inspector Swanston with being in unlawful possession of 34 fishing nets at Stanley, on the 23rd ultimo. On the evidence produced the prisoners were found guilty of the larceny of the nets, and were each sentenced to six months' hard labour.

WE are informed by a most reliable authority, that Mr. Kerfoot's bay subscription griffin has been pronounced to be "without a heart." This interesting discovery was made the other day when administering "a ball" to the "probable Derby winner." As the *Telegraph* is a family journal, we cannot enter into scientific details. Here is a chance for "I.C.U." to distinguish himself.

ACCORDING to the New York *Herald*, fasting as a cure for insanity has been successfully tried at a Transatlantic lunatic asylum. One of the patients, who has been in the institution for two years, and occasionally had lucid intervals, was fully convinced that some cure must exist for cases like his own; and so first attempted the violent remedy of beating his head severely with his fists every morning and then running head first against the wall. This plan failed, however, so he determined to fast, and for forty-one days swallowed nothing but a small quantity of tepid water. On the thirty-fifth day he seemed very weak, and took to his bed, and on the forty-first morning asked for a cup of strong coffee. An hour later he drank some milk, and kept himself on one pint of milk daily for ten days, then took milk and strawberries for a similar period. Afterwards he added oatmeal gruel to his diet, and is now so far recovered that he is to be discharged from the asylum in a few days.

U ALUN, Hung S Ngan, and Tang Ma Tik, chair coolies, were charged at the instance of Altino Marciano, a clerk in the employ of Mr. Granville Sharp, with creating a disturbance in his office on the 4th instant. Complainant stated that he employed the defendants on Sunday last to take him to Mr. Sharp's house at the peak, and had them from 11.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. On the Monday Mr. Sharp paid them one dollar to be divided between the three, which they took, afterwards coming back and wanting more money. Mr. Sharp took the dollar back and told defendants to call back for their fare on that day week. Defendants made a disturbance, and after a time went away. They returned to the office yesterday and asked him, complainant, for payment which he refused, as Mr. Sharp had told him not to pay. Defendants abused him and wanted to charge him with not having paid them their fare; he accordingly sent an office boy for a constable and gave them in charge. There were four coolies employed in carrying him to Mr. Sharp's house on Sunday. After the above statement, Captain Thomson very properly, we think, ordered the complainant to pay the defendants \$1.80 that being their legal fare, and further to pay 20 cents compensation to each man for the time lost in trying to collect their just fees, and their detention for one night at the Police Station.

WE read, observes the Sydney *Bulletin*, that the composer who signs the initials "M. E. B." is Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. Well, we haven't happened to come across any of "M. E. B.'s" music, so we can't say what it is like. But, as Ernest is the cousin of the Queen, we presume his music is considered a good deal superior to Mozart's, in Court circles, and we have no doubt it is extensively purchased by the aristocracy. Probably it is among the loose sheets on top of the pianer at John Davies' or the Hon. J. Lucas, or Mr. M'Beath's. But what we want to say is that the last Ducal composer we can remember was Her Majesty's brother-in-law, His Serene Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha—brother to the Prince Consort. The "Dook" was a very great musician—at Court. Lord Palmerston used, in convivial moments, to distinguish him from his brother by referring to the latter as the Prince Consort and to the former as the Prince Consort. Well, the Queen greatly admired Goth's compositions, and used to perform some of his airs very feelingly with a comb and one of her royal curl papers; and when Mendelssohn was invited to Windsor, Goth played over a few trifles to him and so touched his emotions that Felix prayed him to stop, and declared that he should die if he listened to any more. When, in addition to this testimony, it transpired that John Brown had taken Goth under his patronage and had offered to give him private instruction on the bag-pipes, all the Lords-in-Waiting went about vowing that they didn't care about going to Heaven now that they had heard His Serene Highness the Duke. They said golden harps and celestial choristers might be all very well, but unless some guarantees were afforded that His Royal Highness's grand opera "Casilda" would be on the Celestial programme, and the composer engaged to conduct in place of St. Cecilia (whose style has become much out of date) they couldn't look forward to enjoy the performances. Besides it was generally conceded that a proportion of very vulgar people got into Heaven, passes from the Management, and really the audience was likely to be mixed even in the better parts of the house, while there was certain to be a devil of a row in the pit. However, it was determined that the highly-born have duties as well as dignities. Her Majesty uttered this sentiment herself, one day, when issuing a patent of nobility to an Irish landlord who had racked £10,000 from his tenants, and given £1,000 of the amount to the Patriotic Fund after the Crimean war. So to carry out the principle, Saxe-Gotha consented to permit his splendid work to be produced before the common people at Her Majesty's Theatre, Drury Lane. Lumley was manager at the time, and wouldn't hear of scooping all the profits which were certain to be derived from the production of the greatest work ever heard in this or any other world. So the Duke had to consent to pay the expenses of production, as Lumley stood out; Rosini and Mozart were thrust aside, and the glorious work was produced, and instantly, and unanimously—damned.

WE have heard this morning several rumours of deaths having quite recently occurred in Shanghai amongst Europeans from cholera. Until the reports are confirmed we content ourselves with simply mentioning their existence.

FROM South American advices we learn that great excitement has been caused in Chile by the discovery of some valuable gold fields in the Department of Lebu. Gold has always been obtained there in small quantities, but the present discoveries are said to yield many millions of dollars, whilst the mineral region can be easily and economically worked.

ONE of the most remarkable cases of "mysterious disappearance" on record is, says the *Alta*, that of the engine of the Kansas Pacific Railway that went down into Kiowa Creek, some thirty miles' side of Denver, one black, stormy night, several years ago. The stream, which is ordinarily insignificant, had been transformed by a sudden flood into a roaring torrent which swept the bridge away, and the engine plunged in and was swallowed up in the quicksand. Repeated efforts have been made by boring and digging to find the lost locomotive, but we learn from good authority that they have all been to no purpose; the thirty tons of iron and steel have burrowed beyond discovery. Possibly they are working down toward China, and will ere long turn up as the first locomotive in the celestial empire.

THE four servants in the employ of Dr. Adams who were yesterday charged on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery of a quantity of jewellery from Dr. Adams' house on the morning of the 3rd instant, were again before Mr. Wodehouse this morning. Mrs. Adams was examined at great length, but as her evidence was mainly descriptive of the various duties of the four prisoners, and her amah, and related to the various times the servants visited the room from whence the jewellery was stolen, in their ordinary and every day business capacities, we do not give it in full detail. Mrs. Adams stated that on discovering the loss she called the servants, who did a hunt round the room for the box and the missing jewellery, while she went down and examined their quarters. Being questioned by His Worship as to whether the house-boy's appearance was at all suspicious when informed of the robbery, Mrs. Adams answered, "no," but after a pause of a few seconds, corrected herself and said that she did think the boy's appearance very suspicious when she told him of the loss, as he opened his eyes, and stared, and looked guilty. We are not at all surprised at the boy's opening his eyes, staring, and looking anyhow, on being informed of such a loss taking place in the house in which he was employed, but we cannot see that these signs denote guilt, in fact just the very opposite; a clever rascal, and there can be no doubt that this robbery has been done by an *artiste*, would have probably shown none of these suspicious signs, and would have taken matters quietly. The only suspicious circumstance in this case appears to be in connection with the house boy who so recently left Dr. Adams' service. The boy had asked for a week's leave of absence, and was told he could go altogether, and he went. Previous to his going, however, he asked Mrs. Adams to see that her gold watch and chain, and other trinkets were all right, to which kindly caution Mrs. Adams, suspecting nothing, paid no particular heed. This "fake" on the part of departing servants is quite an old dodge amongst the Chinese, and is not altogether unknown amongst our own country people of the servant class. The departed boy has not been cast eyes on since the robbery, although he is being looked for; with his capture we anticipate some clue being revealed as to the whereabouts of the missing trinkets. Inspector Lindsay, who has charge of the case, informed his worship that he has no further evidence to produce at present, and did not think it necessary to ask for a remand. There being no evidence of guilt against the four defendants they were accordingly discharged.

SPORTIVE GOSSIP.

I wonder if that wonderful sportsman "I.C.U." individually, or "I.C.U." and his worthy condutor in idiosyncy, the high-headed and versatile "Banian," collectively, ever heard of a celebrated English poet of the name of Cowper? Probably not. Cowper once wrote "How much a dunce that has been sent to room. Excuse a dunce that has been kept at home!" and I am constrained to apply the satire to the amalgamated essence of ignorance, impudence, and presumption above referred to. "I.C.U." has sent another sporting contribution to our evening contemporary; a racing article, so unique in character and style, that I am absolutely astounded as to what we may expect from the same author hereafter. This grimly facetious youth (I discovered his identity, which it seems he has with characteristic modesty taken no pains to conceal, at Macao last Sunday) promises the readers of the *China Mail* what he terms "items of sporting intelligence and *grip*," served up "in the conventional way, of a little paragraph, and then a few asterisks, then another paragraph, and so on" &c., &c. I have neither time nor inclination to deal at length with all the childish nonsense this sporting authority (?) chooses to write for the edification and amusement of that portion of the Hongkong public which reads the *China Mail*, and if he will only keep within reasonable limits, abstain from trying to degrade and lower the character of sport, and not offend decency and good taste, he may freely air his opinions unchallenged, so far as I am concerned. When I wrote a previous criticism on some of this writer's work I had no clue to his personality, although from the tenor of his articles I had good reasons for believing, as I then stated, that he knew absolutely nothing of the subjects with which he pretended to deal. Now that I am sure as to the identity of the gentleman who writes under the nom de plume of "I.C.U." there is really no reason on public grounds why I should use any false delicacy in dealing with pretensions to racing experience, and "horse" knowledge, which are purely imaginary. Our young friend's ebullient imagination, spurred on by an ambition to be looked upon as a sort of local jockey and "The

Druid" rolled into one, sadly over-rides his discretion.

Dealing with my former criticisms of "I.C.U.'s" sporting contributions, the Shanghai papers wrote a vast deal of very silly, twaddle about my resenting what they were good enough to insinuate I evidently considered an encroachment on my exclusive rights, &c. The contrary was the case. Apart altogether from other considerations nothing would have afforded me more amusement than "I.C.U.'s" sporting notes, had they not been so inaccurate and misleading, and written in such execrable taste—I have already said quite enough about the absurd references to the Shanghai jockeys by childish nicknames. It makes no earthly difference to me what may be the custom in Shanghai, but as I happen to have heard from several of the gentlemen of the north on the subject, and as they unanimously characterise "I.C.U.'s" novelty as inexcusable impertinence, I think I am fairly entitled to my own opinion on the subject. But even presuming that there are certain race riders in Shanghai who like to see themselves in print as Snip, Pip, Mard, Frames, Puddle, &c., is that any reason why the same low habit—for it is a low habit, beyond a doubt—should be introduced here? Our jockeys are supposed to be gentlemen, and if they unfortunately fall in some instances to satisfactorily establish any claim to that title, it is just as well to use a little veneer to enable us to tolerate the old-fashioned fiction. I contend that no gentleman worthy of the name; no man of education, refinement, or position would tolerate being held up to ridicule needlessly in the public press, apparently for the sole gratification of some contemptible cad who is the insane victim of an unhealthy desire to be talked about by members of his own class. Familiarity invariably breeds contempt, and in no section of society is this old-fashioned truism more plainly exhibited than in racing circles. If we are to have low bred cockneyism a predominant feature at our annual races, and if our jockeys are not even to be designated gentlemen, it is a question if the time has not arrived to abolish so-called class distinctions, and introduce professional faceriders. Of course it is perfectly well known that a very great deal of what may be legitimately enough termed professionalism does even now exist in connection with our races, and more particularly in the riding department; and under present regulations it could hardly be otherwise. Whether this is as it ought to be, or whether it would be preferable to have professional jockeys, pure and simple, in place of our so-called gentleman-rider system, I would rather not discuss at present, but it can hardly be doubted that persons like "I.C.U." who mistake low vulgarity for wit, and shallow impudence for ability, are trying their hardest to bring a noble pastime into contempt and disrepute, by making the pretensions of its most respected and prominent votaries ridiculous in the eyes of the public; that public, whose members in Hongkong as elsewhere are the true supporters of racing.

It is a universally recognised axiom that the essence of journalism is truth; and it has been said that no good journalist was ever a liar. This should especially apply to sporting journalists and journalists. On what grounds then could "I.C.U.'s" former unfounded statements with reference to the intentions, &c., of certain gentlemen of this colony be justified? Was it interesting, amusing, honest, or truthful to deliberately publish a statement that one owner of race ponies in Hongkong possessed about a dozen griffins capable of covering a mile and a half in 3 minutes 20 seconds? As the owner in question will undoubtedly be strongly represented in the Derby, numerically speaking, and as the supporters of race horses possess the province of a sporting writer to speculate on probabilities, and to live his convictions to his readers, presuming that such speculations and convictions have a reasonable basis and are of any value. But how the opinions of a person who actually knows less than nothing of the subject on which he writes can be of any public value, I leave those interested in solving such problems to decide.

Before passing a few comments on what "I.C.U." has to say about the first contingent of subscription griffin, I may briefly touch upon the letter signed "Fairfoul." Fairfoul is the racing name of Mr. H. S. Bidwell, one of the finest horsemen ever seen in China, and as "I.C.U." acknowledges, is the gentleman who was so gratuitously and offensively referred to as "Snip." So long as Mr. Fairfoul's letter kept company with "I.C.U.'s" note-book (i.e. in the clever one's pocket) it was a privileged communication; the instant it appeared in print it ceased to be so. What is this letter all about? What does it actually mean, and how much of it is any interest to the sporting community of Hongkong? I have no doubt, certainly, regret to hear that this most admirable horseman is unlikely to be present at our next races; and yet hope that something will transpire which may induce him to change his mind. Mr. Fairfoul's arrangements are not quite so unalterable as the boasted laws of the Medes and Persians. It is only a few days ago since he announced in the Shanghai *Courier*—the great horseman was, and doubtless is one of the sporting contributors to our contemporary—that he had retired from the turf at least so far as the racing Autumn Meeting was concerned; but something turned up to induce him to depart from this resolve, and I have good reasons for saying that Mr. Fairfoul has been "specially retained"—that is, the phrase generally used in the sporting press at home—to ride Gil Blas in the St. Leger and throughout the meeting. And so by a combination of circumstances, at present unforeseen, the Hongkong public may not be deprived of the great pleasure of seeing this old and tried horseman, at the Shanghai races. Instead of the race having been a close and exciting struggle, as related by "I.C.U." asserted that after the first round there was only one—Black Cloud—who

